ENGLANDS CÆSAR.

His Maieſties moſt Royall Coronation.

Together with the manner of the ſolemne ſhewes prepared for the honour of his entry into the Cittie of London.

Eliza. her Coronation in Heauen.

And

Londons ſorrow for her viſitation.

By Henry Petowe.

LONDON,
Printed by *Iohn Windet*, for *Mathew Law*, and are to be ſold at his Shop at the ſigne of the *Fox* in Paules Church-yarde.
1603.

BRITISH MUSEUM

L O N D O N,

Printed by [illegible] for [illegible]
to be sold at his Shop at the Sign of the Fox
in Paules Church-yard.
1 6 0 3.

TO THE CVRTEOVS and wiſe yong Gentlemen vnited *in Loue, Maſter N. H. Maſter Ro.* W. Maſter I. H. Maſter L. K. Maſter H. A. *and Maſter Tho. S.* Henry Petowe *wiſheth* increaſe of vertue and proſperous *ſucceſſe in all their affaires.*

IHaue aduentured (curteous, vertuous, and wiſe) with the ſtrong wraſtlers of *Olympia*, though not to winne, yet to worke for the Garland, I meane the Laurell wreath of your gentle fauours. The iudgement of my labours relyeth on your ſeuerall cenſures, whereof if your opinions relliſh but one ſmall taſte of content, I preſume vpon a generall liking of others; ſuch is the ſufficiencie I conceaue of your diſcrete iudgements. Therefore touch and taſte, taſte and diſgeſt but with ſuch contentment that you may applaud the fruitfull operation. How it will prooue I know not, but I hope pleaſant in diſgeſture: For howeuer the fruits of my toyle now relliſh after the long gathering, I dare proteſt the tree from whence they were pluckt, came of a Royall ſtocke; make therefore your ſeuerall choyces of the beſt, and if you finde ſome more greene then others, impute it to their want of growth in that they are but yong,

and not come to their true perfection, or rather blame my rashnes, that make sale of them for mellow fruite, when indeede they are not ripe. But in hope they will all proue delicious according to your expectations, I present them in all loue to your kinde acceptances, promising as much in affection as any other can performe in perfection. Therefore looke and like of such as you finde, and I promise you (vnder your fauourable incouragements) to imploy all my best designes and studies to your seuerall good likings.

Yours in all that he may,
H. P.

Ad Lectorem.

GO princely writ apparelled in loue,
The poyſon of all ſorrowes to remooue:
Inrich thy ſelfe and me by thy ſelfe riches,
And ſtriue to mount beyond our Poets pitches.
And thou kind Reader, *reading this my writ,*
Applaud the inuention of an infant wit.
Though yoong it be, it hath as good a hart,
To merite well, as thoſe of high deſart.
Then blame it not although for Fame it ſtriue,
For after death Fame ſtill remaines aliue.

Thine in all loue,
H. P.

The Induction.

Now turne I wandring all my hopes againe,
And looſe them from the priſon of diſpaire,
Ceaſing my teares that did bedew the plaine,
And clearing ſighes which did eclipſe the ayre.
My mourning weeds are off, and ſigh I may not,
Ioy ſtops my teares, and (Ioying) weepe I cannot.

Nor tonge, nor penne, nor witte can truly ſing,
His wondrous worth and matchleſſe dignitie,
I meane the glory of the Engliſh King,
Which wraps my Muſe in all felicitie.
Oh, were my penne ſo rich in Poetrie,
As to pourtray his royall Maieſtie.

The Induction.

But since she is not as I would she were,
And since I cannot as I wish I could.
No maruell though her weakenes doe forbeare,
To sing that Royall song which all pennes should.
Yet what she can she will for loue compile,
Not seeking glory for a stately stile.

Goe ioyfull truce-men in your virgin weedes,
Vnder a Royall Patron I haue past you,
Soake vp the teares of euery hart that bleeds,
And on the wings of Fame hence quickly hast you.
And from the siluer mayne of Calmy Thames,
Sound forth the worth of our Heroicke Iames.

The Induction.

Into the eares of drooping London thunder,
The King of peace and plentie ſallies by:
Bid her reioyce in him our Engliſh wonder,
Who mournes to ſee her in extremitie.
He mournes for her euen at his Coronation,
T'will greiue her ſoule to taſte his Royall paſſion.
Yet London thou art happie by his teares,
That weepes for thee, whom all the world elſe
(feares.

HIS MAIESTIES MOST *Royall Coronation.*

WIthin the Table of AEternitie,
In leaues outwaring Braſſe ſhall Fame write
With Quilles of Steele the laſting memory, (downe,
Of Englands *Caſar*, and great *Caſars* Crowne.
Giue place yee ſilent ſhadowes of blacke night,
And let the brighteſt Lamp of Heauen ſhine,
Vaniſh thou Time of Dreames, for to delight,
This Ieme muſt be ſuruei'd with Angels eyne.
Angels as bright as is the brow of Heauen,
When nere a Clowd hangs lowring in the Sky,
When foggy miſts are from the Sphere bereuen,
And Angels bewtie Mates with Heauens eye.
Such Sunne-bright Angels with a ſmiling face,
Muſt Englands *Caſars* Coronation grace.

King Iames

Mount high my Soule the *Harbinger* of light,
Plaies *Iocand* Muſicke to the welcome day,
Aurora bluſhes and the ſable night,
Vnto the ruddy morning giues faire way.
From forth th'eſterne clyme behold the Sunne,
Shines on the Turrets of great *Cæſars* Towre,
And ſummons him to ware what he hath won,
By true ſucceſſion what brow dares to lowre,
Or contradict the will of mightie *Ioue*,
He'le haue it ſo for Englands future bliſſe,
Our King is his anoynted dereſt loue,
And what we haue we farme it but as his.
Then like true leigmen let our voyces ſing,
Glory to God that he may bleſſe our King.

This

his Coronation.

This is the day, yea this the happie day,
Makes Heauen ſmile, and *Tellus* weepe for ioy,
Euen from her dry parch't womb a liquid ſea,
Of Chriſtall water iſſuing o're the bay.
Of the o'r ioyed earth, of my iocand Soule,
Can'ſt thou forbeare exceſſe, ſurfet and die,
My thoughts of ioy are farre beyond controule.
My Spirit in a bliſſfull extaſie.
See ſee the azure firmament is clere,
Through which we may diſcerne as in a glaſſe,
Faire troups of Angels that doe guild the Spheres.
Gaze ſetled eyes the like ſight neuer was.
Reioyce faire England for thy Soueraigne pray,
Angels themſelues grace this triumphant day.

King Iames

But ſtay my Pen, my Muſe doth gin to ſlumber,
And ſlumbring dreames a dreame of ſacred bliſſe,
Oh happie viſion wake and tell this wonder,
Awake my Soule, my Pen write what it is.
Me thought faire *Tryton* with his ſiluer Trump,
(As if he progra'ſt to the Parliament,
Of all the Gods) ſounds not a ſolemne dumpe,
But with a floriſh, wraps heauen in content.
Nexr him the winged *Mercury* doth pace,
Clad in rich robes by *Veſta's* virgins wrought,
Who on his ſhoulder beares a Golden mace,
Euchaſt with glorious Pearle (oh heauenly thought)
What then ſucceedes, this obiect after ſeene?
Delia triumphant which was late our Queene.

On

his Coronation.

On whoſe right hand attended *Ganymed*,
Darling to Heauen and the pride of *Ioue*,
By t'other hand was ſhe by *Cupid* led,
Venus faire iſſue and the God of *Loue*.
Thus paced triumphant *Delia* to her throne,
The chaſt *Dyana* bearing vp her traine,
Then followed the Sences one by one,
Touching their ſiluer ſtrings with ſweeteſt ſtreyne.
Next them drad *Ioue* with *Iuno* in his hand,
Apollo next with *Pallas* arme in arme.
Then *Berecynthia* with a ſiluer wand,
Mars, *Neptune*, *Vulcan*, all the *Elizian* ſwarme,
Of *Nectar* ſucking Gods and Goddeſſes,
Meaſuring the ſiluer pau'ment of the Skies.

Oh

King Iames

Oh happie ſight! But what enſued then,
Delia's Inſtalment in the throne of Bliſſe,
Stay buſie thoughts. Oh ſtay my forward Pen.
At which rare triumph th'infernall Soules of *Dis*,
Made ſtay of torment and did feele no paine,
Tantalus that time did taſt the pleaſant fruite,
Which neuer till that houre he could attaine.
The buſie murmur of the *Dan'de* was mute.
Ixions wheele that (ceaſeleſſe) euertournd,
Stay'd then in ſpight of Fate (Oh time of wonder)
The Sulphure flames of hell, which euer burnd.
Were then extinc't what then could Hell keepe vnder.
Vnder ſubiection *Pluto* had no Soule,
So much the powers of Heauen did hell controule.

Pore

his Coronation.

Pore *Syſiphus* whoſe toyle was endleſſe paine,
When he perceau'd his tumbling ſtone lye ſtill,
And when thoſe triumphes ceaſt, to role againe,
From toppe to bottome of that tedious hill.
Then Lamentation drencht in teares of woo,
Yell's forth a horrid cry, why chaungeth *Time*,
Why doe the powers of Heauen deride vs ſo.
Why mount our ioyes? and at the high'ſt decline.
Oh welcome mynet of moſt ſweete delight,
Why left it vs ſo ſoone, come once againe,
Shake hands with vs once more in hels diſpight.
That we may taſt of ioy in midſt of paine.
No no (vnhappie Soules) it cannot be,
Yee now are euer ſway'd by *Deſtinie*.

King Iames

Delia's in Heauen, there let *Eliza* ſtay,
Crownd with the wreath of euerlaſting bliſſe.
Diſcend my Muſe tread thou an other way,
See that thy daring quill ſtray not amiſſe,
Let thy ſweete tunes harp on diuineſt ſong,
Baſe not at all, but on a treble String,
Warble a high ſtreynd Himne with ſiluer tong,
To lawd the Coronation of a King.
A King whoſe vertues make the Muſes labor,
Striuing which moſt and beſt may ſing his praiſe,
Begging no pencion but the worlds kind fauor,
For ſinging *Iames* in their celeſtiall layes.
Iames Englands King defendor of the faith,
Long may he be ſo, ſo his England prai'th.

his Coronation.

Gaze London gaze, that ſurfet'ſt with a longing,
To ſee thy Soueraignes *Coronation* day:
Thy people iocond in a dang'rous thronging,
Lift vp their voyces; on their hart-ſtrings play,
Crying *Haile Cæſar* with a ſhrill toung'd ſtreyne:
Cæſar the princely Author of their peace,
Whoſe very name pierc't through the liuer veyne
Of hot *Rebellion*, weak'ned her increaſe,
Of long wiſh't ſtreames of bloud: the name of King
Made forward Inſurrection ſtart and die.
Oh wholeſome *North* from forth whoſe wombe did ſpring,
The bleſſed Sunne of our felicitie.
Shine Sunne on vs, but when our ſoules mount hie,
Let thy bright beames guild our poſteritie.

King Iames

He comes he comes, ſee London where he comes,
That claſpeth peace and plenty in his armes!
Embrace him kindly, *Times* glaſſe how quicke it runes:
Be thou as quicke, and with ſome heau'nly Charmes,
Mixt with the milke of prayer, Iuyce of zeale,
Lie groueling in the duſt in the mid-way:
And let not paſſe the ſolace of thy weale,
Before he heare thy harmeles Orphans pray.
Pray London pray, with hands heau'd to the skies,
And let each able Infant, ſmyling ſing,
Hymnes from their harts, for ſuch to heauen flies,
In honour of King IAMES our lawfull King.
Holde faſt his fore-locke, and make ſtay of Time,
Till he doth heare our harts how true they chime.

Heauen

his Coronation.

Heauen ſtand at gaze, yee bleſſed Angels ſee,
Looke through the Windowes of the firmament,
Vpon the Phœnix of all Soueraignty:
Bid heauens ELIZA from that continent,
Where ſhe ſits crownd in bliſſe: bid her looke downe
On princely IAMES her deere ſucceeding brother:
To ſee him goe tryumphant to his Crowne,
Belou'd of thoſe that whilome call'd her mother:
Bid her but looke if that her princely will,
Be not perform'd euen to our vtmoſt duty:
In all obedience: our true harts fulfill
Her dread command: late Earths now Heauens beauty!
She will'd vs loue him, and in loue perſeuer,
And we do vow to loue King IAMES for euer.

King Iames

So long as life in him or breath in vs,
So long we vow in sight of God and Heauen:
Oh might our prayers be propitious,
That our dread King may neuer hence be'reauen!
Then should *Belphœbe* know her subiects loue:
What care they haue in trayning vp their yong:
That to her great Successor they may prooue,
Loyall in duety that from virtue sprong.
When she shall see from her cœlestiall Sphere;
And he on earth perceiue his subiects zeale,
How in their harts they do affect him deare,
And he in peace maintaine the common weale:
Both *Heauen* and *Earth* will then reioyce and sing,
A happie people and a blessed King.

O'pe

His Coronation.

O'pe wide yee Oryent gates of *Cæsars* tower;
Cæsar him ſelfe with a moſt royall trayne
Muſt grace your golden leaues, this is the hower,
Fly open then for *Cæsars* entertayne.
Vſher his way, my *Muſe* ſay that he comes,
At whoſe vpriſe *Phœbus* doeth ſtand at gaze,
Thinking the Heauens had ordeyn'd two Sunnes;
One for the earth, which made Heauens Sunne amaze.
Such is the glory of his reflecting gleames,
Compoſ'd of ſacred mettall: made by *Ioue*
That night turnes day when as he darts his beames,
Frownes into ſmyles ſuch is his princely loue.
Then London ſmyle, let no brow dare to frowne,
When Royall Iames rides to his regall Crowne.

Thus ſhould the flynty pauements of the ſtreete,
Be clad in greene (th'apparrell of the ſpring)
As if their Ioy were young, and therefore ſweet:
And being ſweet, a preſent for a King.
The houſes Mantled all in Tapeſtry,
The hygh *Piramides* of the churches thunder,
Eyes neuer ſaw ſuch glorious royeltie,
The pride of London and the Engliſh wonder.
The Synowes of the Cittye *Troynouant*,
Clad in their richeſt robes in comely ſort,
Whoſe faire demeanour drawes like *Adaman*,
Spectators hearts, bearing ſo rich a port.
Thus ſhould they ſit rayld in on either ſide
Of euery ſtreete twixt whome our King ſhold ryde.

Suppoſe

His Coronation.

Suppoſe this done, what glory hath been ſeene,
Within the compaſſe of the earth like this:
At Coronation of a King or Queene,
No Maruell he's elected King of bliſſe.
Roome greedy multitude, let th'ayre of heauen
Breath euerlaſting life into his ſoule,
To make him all immortall: *Ioue* make euen
The yeares of IAMES with *Neſtors*, and controule
The vile pretences and Inuentions
Of Trayterous thoughts: if any ſlaue there be
Repining at his ſtate, and by Inuentions
Of priuie Treaſon, ſeek our miſerie.
Thou moſt of might if any ſuch there be,
Confound him in his thought of Treachery.

He

King Iames

He ſhines like *Phœbus* in the welkins breſt,
So may he ſhine for euer on this Ile,
Darting his crimſon rayes from his bright creſt,
And from his gladſome face a gracious ſmile:
And ſee that Sunne whoſe bewtie's of ſuch power,
As dazleth all ſpectators eyes (oh wonder!)
The eye of day lookes pale at this bleſt hower,
As if his glory had brought *Phœbus* vnder.
Oh bleſſed Sunne, keepe thy dyurnall courſe,
May neuer be extinct thy radiant light:
But as thy glory gliſters on the fourſe
Of ſiluer Thameſis (Water-nymphes delight)
So London in her boſome hopes to ſee,
Tryumphant IAMES in all his royaltie.

Oh

his Coronation.

Oh thou that onely canſt, forbeare thy rod
Of fell correction, wee will ſinne no more:
Oh thou eternall Eſſence, onely God;
Now London feeles thy ſcourge, ſhe doth deplore
Her maſſe of ſinne; oh ſhe doth weepe at hart:
Thy viſitation doeth in force her weepe,
She wants her Sou'raigne which procures her ſmart.
His ſight would lull her in her ioyes a ſleepe:
But thou ſay'ſt no, for by thy mighty hand,
What ſhe and hers intended to performe
In IAMES his honour, thou doſt countermaund;
And mak'ſt her know, that ſhe is but a Worme.
A Worme that hath her being from thy power,
And muſt not dare but ſtoop when *Ione* doth lower.

And now thou frown'ſt, oh ſhe doth quake for feare:
Her hands are daily heaued to the skies,
With impetrations, that thou would'ſt forbeare.
See how trill teares diſtill from her moyſt eies?
How can a Mother chooſe, but euer weepe,
When as her children loath their natiue bed?
Her yong ones in her boſome will not ſleepe,
But to a forrayue foſterer are fled.
Yet like a Mother ſhe doth daily pray,
Thou would'ſt not note ſuch diſobedience:
But to be mercifull to them that ſtray,
And in their loſſe to giue her patience.
She weepes for loſſe of them which now are gon,
Thinking thereby to ſhunne correction.

But who knowes not thy power is euery where?
In Cittie, Country, both on Land and Sea?
Then do we think thou canst not touch vs there?
Yes yes, tis too apparant euery day.
But stay great glory of æternitie,
Wee doe confesse thy might almightie force,
Be mercifull to vs in miserie,
And for thy deare anoynted, take remorce.
Smooth thy deepe furrowed front, shriu'led with ire;
Open thine eares vnto our sad complaints:
Let vs at last reioyce in our desire,
And helpe weake London that now helples faints.
For while thou frown'st, alas she feares to die:
And but to thee she knowes not where to flie.

King Iames

Thou mad'ſt the ſore, but who can giue the cure?
Thou gau'ſt the blowe, but who can ſalue the wound?
Thou prick'ſt the hart, but who can helpe procure?
Thou mad'ſt the bruiſe, but who can make it ſound?
Thou all in all canſt ſalue, make ſound, and cure
The ſore, the blow, the wound, yea more then this,
Thy miniſtring is preſent helpe, tis ſure:
And he that prayes to thee, prayes not amiſſe.
Deigne then dread Lord from thy high throne of grace,
Where Angels praiſe thee with diuineſt ſong,
To looke on London with a ſmyling face,
And breake thy rod which ſhe hath felt too long.
Then will her friends draw neere, and ſhe ſhall ſee,
Her long wiſht Soueraigne, in his royaltie.

For

For him ſhe weepes, for IAMES his want ſhe mornes:
Want of his preſence, that ſhould guild her ſtreetes
For want of him, in paſsion ſhe burnes,
And from her reſidence all comfort fleetes.
Thouſands of treaſure hath her bounty waſted
In honour of her King to welcome him:
But woe is ſhe, that honour is not taſted,
For royall IAMES on ſiluer *Thames* doth ſwim.
The Water hath that glory, for he glides
Vpon the pearly mayne vnto his Crowne:
And lookes with pittie on London as he rydes,
Saying, alas thou ſhould'ſt haue this renowne.
So well he knew that wofull London lou'd him,
That her diſtreſſe vnto compaſſion mou'd him.

And from his royall loue thus doth he greete her,
Before the glancy Iacles of Winter
By heat of Sunne be molten, he will meet her
In all her pompe, till when of ioy he'le ſtint her.
Meane time he wils her teach her yong to pray
That Heauens almightie may ſurceaſe his hand:
For when he heares of ſuch an happie day,
He le glad the Chamber of the Fairy Land.
Then ſhal her ſhowes, and princely ornaments;
Her famous Pageants (Londons ſolemne pride)
Be at the ful, and ſurfet with contents;
Such ioy ſhall mantle her on euery ſide:
Where IAMES ſhal ride, Conduits ſhal flow with wine
In honour of his ſtate and happie time.

This

his Coronation.

This is the day that ſhould haue fam'd our City,
But that the hand of God lyes heauy on it:
All you that know it, crie alas tis pitty,
And pray *Iehoua* may looke downe vpon it:
Whoſe ioyes like ſhadowes tooke their ſudden flight;
Whoſe weale is fleeting like deluding ſleepe:
That in an houre mixe ſorrow with delight,
Her paths to ioy, is tedious, long and ſteepe.
Giue period all-almightie to her plaint:
Vnhappie London, wittie in ſelfe-grieuing;
Let her now ioy, let griefe no longer taynt
Her tender hart that makes her woe her liuing.
Let her now ſmyle, and as ſhe ſmyleth ſing:
Glory to God, and God preſerue the King.

FINIS.